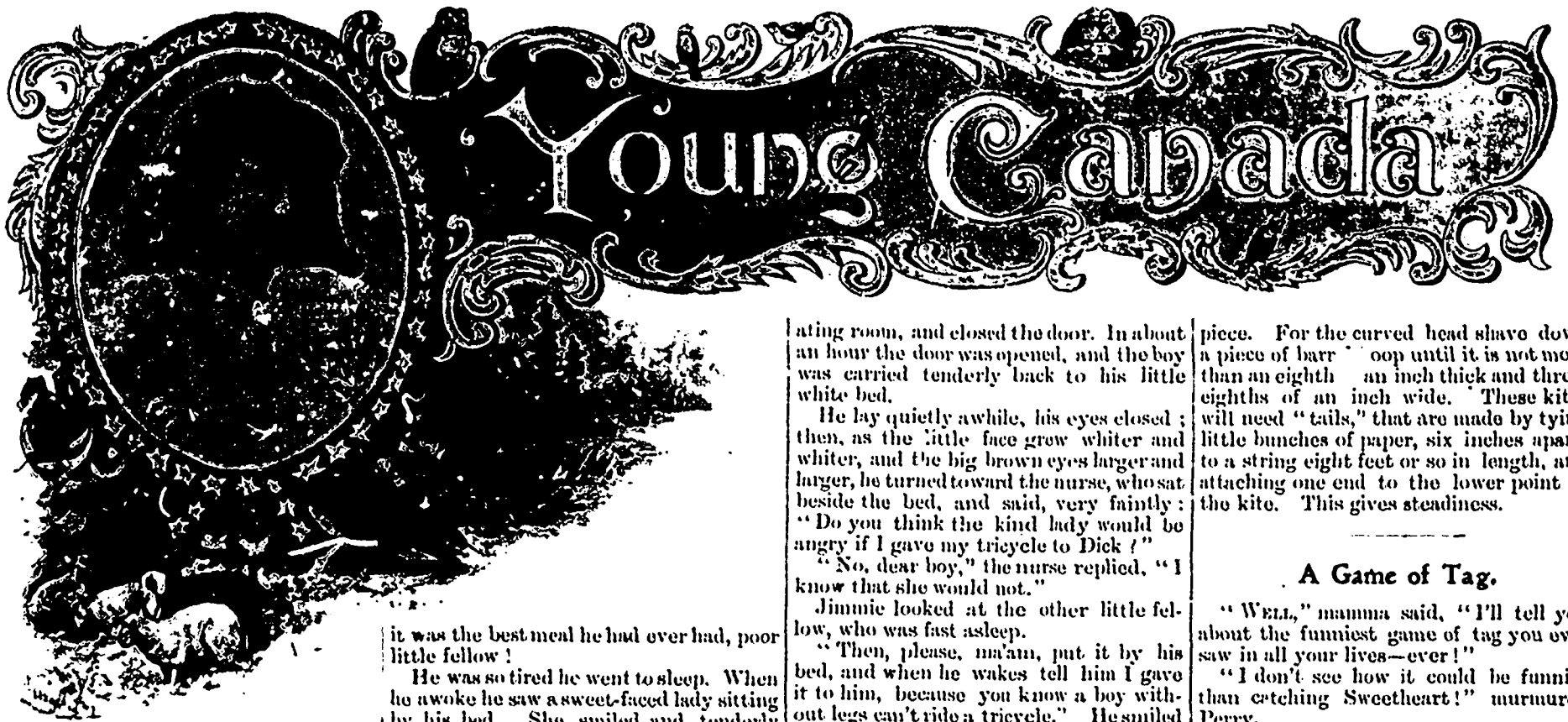




Jimmie's Last Gift.

TOTTENHAM Court is a thoroughfare for everybody and everything that belongs to the working world.

Jimmie's mother lived in Tottenham Court. She was a washerwoman and went out every morning to work, and it was most always five o'clock before she returned. Jimmie meanwhile looked after himself. When noontime came he would eat the crust of bread or cold potato, if his mother had left it for him, or go without, as the case might be.

One day Jimmie's mother went to her work as usual, and when she returned Jimmie was not to be found. The neighbors told her to what hospital they had taken him, and how it all happened.

Jimmie was playing in the street and a great truck waggon had come thundering along, drawn by two big horses. The driver shouted to the boy to get out of the way, and Jimmie tried to do so; but his little six year-old legs could not travel as fast as the big horses, and he was knocked down and the heavy wheels passed over him. Kind hands lifted the child, and he was taken to the hospital. The little limbs were terribly crushed, and it was feared that amputation would be necessary. It was almost certain that he would not survive the operation, but it was the only chance. When Jimmie's mother had heard it all, she hurried to the hospital to weep over her child. But the poor have little time to mourn. Bread must be got by hard toil, and the poor woman had to leave her suffering boy and go back to her daily labor.

Jimmie was unconscious for a time, but at length his senses returned, and looking about him he wondered at the little white bed in which he was lying, and the big clean room and the pretty pictures on the walls.

He tried to move his legs, but could not. If it had not hurt him so he would have thought that he had none. He cried out with the pain, and a nice-looking woman with a white cap and apron came to the bedside and spoke kindly to him, asking him how he felt.

He asked for his mother, and was told that she had been there and gone again. He was too used to being without her to mind it very much, and he felt so strangely weak and ill that he didn't care much about anything.

The nurse gave him some nourishing broth and it tasted delicious. Probably

it was the best meal he had ever had, poor little fellow!

He was so tired he went to sleep. When he awoke he saw a sweet-faced lady sitting by his bed. She smiled and tenderly stroked his hand, while she said, softly: "What is your name, little boy?"

"Jimmie," was the prompt reply. He knew no other name.

The lady smiled and questioned no further, but talked to him very kindly and told him such a lovely story about a boy that wanted something very badly, and a good fairy brought it to him. After a time she arose to go, and bending over the little prostrate form, said: "Dear little Jimmie, what would you like the good fairy to bring to you?"

There was a boy in Tottenham Court who was the happy owner of a triecyle, an old dilapidated affair that his father had picked up among the rubbish and attached up so that it would go after a fashion. This boy and his triecyle had been the envy of Tottenham Court, and Jimmie had followed him about many a time, gazing with admiring eyes at the tumble-down old machine. So when the sweet-faced lady asked him this question, he spoke out instantly: "Oh, a triecyle, please, ma'am."

The lady's eyes filled with tears, but she said nothing only kissed him and went away.

That day there came such a great parcel for Jimmie, all tied in heavy brown paper, with so many stout strings about it that it took the nurses some time to get all the wrappings undone, but at last they were all off and a fine triecyle was displayed before Jimmie's delighted eyes, and it was such a beauty.

They lifted it on the bed so that he could examine every bit of it, and then it was placed by the bedside so that he could touch it every now and then. All day long he laid there, bravely bearing the severe twinges of pain in the poor legs, often turning his eyes on his beautiful new treasure and lovingly touching it with his fingers. That day a new boy was brought in and placed on a bed next Jimmie's. He was just about Jimmie's age, and had been very severely scalded by a pail of boiling water falling on him. His injuries were not dangerous, and with care he would be about in a few days.

Jimmie was much interested in him and immediately showed him the triecyle, which Dick, the new boy, duly examined. He was a poor boy, also, and his eyes glistened as he looked at the bright new machine. It does not take long for children to become acquainted, and Dick and Jimmie were soon chatting like old friends.

The next morning they lifted Jimmie very carefully, and bore him to the oper-

ating room, and closed the door. In about an hour the door was opened, and the boy was carried tenderly back to his little white bed.

He lay quietly awhile, his eyes closed; then, as the little face grew whiter and whiter, and the big brown eyes larger and larger, he turned toward the nurse, who sat beside the bed, and said, very faintly: "Do you think the kind lady would be angry if I gave my triecyle to Dick?"

"No, dear boy," the nurse replied, "I know that she would not."

Jimmie looked at the other little fellow, who was fast asleep.

"Then, please, ma'am, put it by his bed, and when he wakes tell him I gave it to him, because you know a boy without legs can't ride a triecyle." He smiled faintly.

The nurse did as he requested and re-seated herself by his side. He was quiet again. Then he said, with an effort, almost in a whisper: "I am so tired. Please don't forget to tell him, for I may be asleep when he awakes."

When the sweet-faced lady came, a little later, Jimmie was indeed asleep with the sleep that knows no awakening in this world, and little Dick was bestrewn the bright little triecyle with his tears.

Mayflowers.

WHERE trees in sweet communion meet,
And branches touch, with soft caress,
Where birches tell their secrets sweet,
And pines in murmurs seem to bless—

'Neath them I sought the Spring's first
born,

"Tween flower and fairy world a link;
I searched in vain till day was gone,
Then found one bud just touched with
pink.

I'd sought the flowers for nother fair,
A wasted day! Well might she chide,
I placed the bud in silver hair:
She said, "My dear, I know you tried."

My faith, when all life's failures end,
Unfound the good for which I sighed,
When low before the throne I bend,
Dear God will say, "I know you tried."

ELIZABETH STERLING CURTIS.

Kite Time.

Spring breezes call out the kites. The boy who can do so should purchase some one of the various forms of patented "box" kites that are now manufactured and sold in toy stores, since these are so odd in shape and so "strong" in flying qualities as to offer great sport to the one at the lower end of the string. But if these are not available, there is still very good sport in the old-fashioned shapes. The lightest and strongest strips of wood should be selected for the frames. The dotted lines show where stout strings are strung. When the frame is complete, select a large sheet of thin but tough paper, and lay the frame upon it, cutting the paper the exact shape of the outline, but about three-quarters of an inch larger all around. Fold this edge over the strings of wood, and paste it firmly. The line should be attached from near the ends of the cross

piece. For the curved head shave down a piece of bairn's hoop until it is not more than an eighth of an inch thick and three-eighths of an inch wide. These kites will need "tails," that are made by tying little bunches of paper, six inches apart, to a string eight feet or so in length, and attaching one end to the lower point of the kite. This gives steadiness.

A Game of Tag.

"Well," mamma said, "I'll tell you about the funniest game of tag you ever saw in all your lives—ever!"

"I don't see how it could be funnier than catching Sweetheart!" murmured Perry.

Mamma laughed. "But Sweetheart has only two feet to run with, if they are quick; and my little runners had, every one of them, four!"

"Four feet!"

"Mamma!"

"Who ever!"

"Yes, four little twinkling feet, every single one of them," went on mamma, enjoying the astonishment on four faces. "I saw them myself, so of course I know. It was the funniest sight! There were three of them. I didn't want to stop them to ask their names, but I felt sure they were Nimble and Frisk and Curlover Tail. Anyhow, they might have been. They had on little fur coats, all alike, with stripes up and down the backs—"

"Oh, squirrels!"

"Yes, little striped squirrels. They were really playing tag; and such fun!"

"I kept as still as a mouse, and watched them. There were three or four trees in a row, whose branches shook hands with each other and made a long leafy road to run on; and didn't they run! Back and forth, back and forth over the green road, how the little spry fellows scurried! How they darted aside to hide among the leaves. How they leaped and scampered and laughed. Yes, they really must have laughed, they were so bubbling over with frolic and fun. Three children just out of school couldn't have enjoyed themselves better than my little fur-jacketed folk."

"One would be ahead, running with all his might to keep ahead, and the others after him, helter-skelter. When they caught him, as they were sure to do by and by, it was his turn to catch; and so the funny game went along."

"I imagined their mother must be at the window, with the baby in her arms, maybe, watching the fun. I was so interested that I suppose I moved incautiously who knows but I clapped my hands, too, when they caught Curlover Tail! Anyhow, there was an alarm, and—presto! my little friends were gone; they had all scampered home. They are never far from home, and the front door is always open."

Mamma took up her work, the story all told.

"Oh," breathed Sweetheart, softly, "how I wish I could've seen that game of tag!"

"So do I!" echoed Debby Doolittle. "Don't I!" cried Perry. And little Lawrence would have wished so too, if he hadn't been fast asleep, you see. — *Youth's Companion*.